

# The River

C#m A Maj7/C#

1. Be - neath the feet of man I find a stream of filth and sin  
 2. But from the sac - red throne of God I see a riv - er rise;  
 3. Free to the sin - ner dead to God who sought the road to hell,

B/C# C#m A Maj7/C#

that springs from ev - 'ry heart and mind from foun-tains deep with - in.  
 The streams are peace and par - d'ning blood de - scend-ing from the skies.  
 that tram - pled on the Sav - ior's blood on whom his sent - ence fell.

B/C# A B E B/D#

Oh, who can know its true ex-panse when hearts re-main un - seen?  
 An - gel - ic minds can ne'er ex - plore this deep, un-fath - omed sea;  
 But at the riv - er's source I see the Lamb up - on His throne;

C#m A Maj7/C# B 6/C# A B

What tide can stem its dark ad-vance, what pow'r can make it clean?  
 'Tis void of bot - tom, brim, or shore, and lost in de - i ty.  
 For those who slew Him now, He pleads and calls them as His own.

C#m B/D# E B/D# C#m A E

**Chorus**  
 I stand a - mazed to see this riv - er ris - ing that car - ries

B/D# C#m A B C#m A B C#m A

down to me Your grace surpris - ing - that sacred flood from Jesus' veins, it

B C#m A B C#m A Maj7 B

wash - es all my guilt - y stains.

F#m7 **Bridge** G#m7 C#m F#m7 B

Sov - 'reign grace and man's free will shall not di- vide the throne;

G#m A Maj7 B E B/D# C#m C#m/B

for man's a fall - en sin - ner still

A Maj7 B A B

and Christ shall reign a - lone! (I)